

**The Backward Art**

A. B. Latham

WITHOUT doubt the most conservative—the most utterly unmodern—of the many amusements of our present-day world is the motion picture. The other arts and fancies, such as fiction, poetry, the drama, the simple pictorial art, sculpture, and the dance, are now represented by such advanced exponents that, by comparison, we may well-nigh term the cinema a crude survival of mediævalism.

A need had long been felt for a form of pictorial art which would purely amuse; there came the unadulterated amusement which the series of cartoons on a single subject affords—where each picture shows a group of characters in a more advanced stage of action than the preceding one, with the whole leading up to the climax in the last picture. There was still much room for improving upon this. So, with the invention of the cinematograph projector, a complex device which throws the images of a very long series of cartoons or actual photographs on a screen with a short enough space between each image and a long enough gap in the actions of the characters so that the tout ensemble is a moving picture, came the great opportunity. Here was the chance to combine fiction and the pictorial art and simultaneously to banish all traces of science (the several abortive attempts to put before the public educational pictures have been miserable failures; while unfortunately the news-of-the-world type, in spite of its manifest unpopularity, persists). The new art had an instant appeal. It became triumphantly democratic; it fascinated all classes of society from the bovril-sucking cowboy to the poodle-raising clubwoman.

In order to maintain this universal following, the moving picture had perforce to remain uncontaminated with radical innovations; it must remain immune from changes which would shift its patronage from the whole of society to mere parts with specialized sensibilities. Real departures from movie precedent (for example, a certain cubist form of photo-play), have been killed by natural selection.

It will be seen later that the underlying cultural system of the moving picture must be the sum total of folk ideas and beliefs; it has been demonstrated that the moving picture, as a form of popular art, is purely artistic, while it teaches no lesson. It therefore remains to show how certain ancient and mediæval forms of literature have been bequeathed to this great form of folk amusement, so mechanically novel yet so essentially venerable.

The kind of fiction which was eagerly devoured by the masses during the Fiddle Ages was the allegory in one form or another. It is commonly thought that the purpose of the allegory was to bring home a moral. Nothing could be further from the truth. The moral was unfortunately already home. The allegory was simply that kind of artistic literary expression which was able to carry the people through the pleasant realms of imagination; it was a very real pleasure.

The characters in an English morality play, for example, would be God, (Continued on Page Four)

My Discovery of Montreal

by E. F.

This article will appear in three parts, of which this is the third.
"Surely ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."

I must not be supposed that the business man objects on principle to all Trade Unions. He is too broadminded. On the contrary, he believes enthusiastically in Unions of the right sort. They must exist "to help, not to hinder, the employer." But his peace-loving nature is wounded by the socially disruptive policy of the dominant Unionism, and his patriotism stung to the quick by the well-known subservience to foreign control. No wonder he is delighted with the system of the French-Canadian workmen. Their docility, and their virile nationalism, chime perfectly with his own views. They have a proper respect for their employers, and a thorough detestation of the foreign "boss." They are, in fact, the indispensable hewers of wood and drawers of water in Philosophical Industrialism's Utopia—to which that employers' Paradise, Montreal, is the nearest approach.

But his partiality for the French-Canadian as a worker does not blind

APOTHEOSIS

Ajax

The following article has been received from F. H. Walter, last year's editor of the Dilettante, who is now studying in Paris.

It was a chill grey day when the citizens of Paris took the great Jaures to the Pantheon. To anyone coming across the Place de la Concorde that morning the great bulk of the Chamber of Deputies was something shadowy and indistinct, even from the edge of the river opposite. Strung right across the facade was a monstrous tricolor sash, and before it on a catafalque covered with grey silk, the coffin itself. Was it a coincidence, I wonder, that the red stripe of the banner of France seemed to have shouldered the other two aside and to have taken upon itself the honour of shrouding the illustrious dead. Scarlet and grey; they seemed the only colours left in all Paris.

As I pressed with the crowd across the bridge someone hailed me as "camarade" and forced me to buy a scarlet rosette and a picture of "Camarade Jaures." I was grossly overcharged, of course, for the privilege of being called "camarade," but it was flattering to one's vanity to think

was a good deal of crepe and sad music as well as soldiers and brass bands for the great pacifist, the simple citizen. It seemed then at first like any other hopeless State funeral. But when the great catafalque got slowly under way borne on the shoulders of sixty stout miners the scene changed as if by magic. People seemed to forget the funeral decorations, the troops, the Marshals of France in the cortege, stolid and bored-looking, even important little Monsieur Herriot bowing to right and left. They could think only of an old friend they had come to honour and a cheer broke out that rippled all along the Boulevard Saint Germain and grew louder as it reached the Latin Quarter and the Pantheon. "Vive Jaures! Vive la Paix!" cried women as they threw violets beneath the feet of the pallbearers. "Adieu, Jaures, adieu," from the older men, who smiled, some of them through tears.

Then came the people of the Faubourgs, twenty thousand of them, marching under the scarlet banners and the crossed hammer and sickle of the Third International, to turn the day into a howling, reckless triumph of the populace. As they pressed along the Boulevard they sang the "Carmagnole," howled it savagely at the rather frightened looking bourgeoisie on the side-walks. They were the grandchildren of '48, the sons and daughters of the Commune of '71. It was exciting because in all the side streets glittered the helmets of the Garde Republicaine and behind them again were company upon company of gendarmes. But there was no clash. Indeed as the crowd, marching twenty abreast, slowed down on the little rise leading up to the Pantheon they grew calmer. As each group swung out from the Boul. Mich. it seems to take up instinctively the low, plaintive refrain of the "Internationale."

It was a scene no words could describe. Imagine, if you can, a narrow street with high houses on either side. At the end is the huge temple with its dome half hidden in twilight and mist. The crowd is tired and silent, and through the middle of it passes more and more slowly this interminable file of red standards and the never ending chant to the rhythm of tramping feet. Once the doors of the Pantheon open and far inside it you can see in huge letters the name JAURES planked on either side by green fires.

By six o'clock it was over. There was only a little handful of people about the temporary statue of the orator. Suddenly a great bearded man sprang onto the pedestal. Instinctively he assumed Jaures' favorite attitude, beard stuck out defiantly, hand clutching palms upward in an appeal. For a brief minute there was a torrent of words about the great hero and his efforts to draw the people together in one bond. Then this mere knot of worshippers broke again into the "Internationale," but sung as a sort of prayer this time shorn of all defiance. It was a last tribute.

Not an hour later on the Boulevard newsvendors were shouting the news of murder and an ultimatum. Surely to make a man a god is merely to kill him twice.

—AJAX.

NOEL

I sing of the maid Mary
Hushing to rest her
Babe on her breast:
No beast doth molest her;
Mild oxen kneel before
And humbly her adore.

Three kings bring treasure
Of frankincense and myrrh,
And lay it at the feet
Of Christ her son, and her:
I, who have no treasure,
Bring this song's measure.

Poor shepherds on the cold hill
Heard angel voices
Singing the birth of Him
Whose name our hearts rejoice:
And I, who hear faint echoes of that noise,
In this frail answer lift my voice.

—J. G.

the capitalist to the drawbacks of the French-Canadian as a citizen. Nowhere is his fair-mindedness more evident. He is quite ready to expatiate—in private—on the necessity of English-speaking solidarity, on the menace of clerical domination, on the folly of allowing the French to keep their own language. "This is an English country, and English should be the only language. England's always allowing these privileges to conquered races, and it's wrong. They should never have been granted in the first place and ought to be taken away now. Impossible? What's that got to do with it? It's right! and the country'll go to the dogs if we don't do it." Such is his stern adherence to morality, regardless of the cost; such his devotion to duty; such his statesman-like vision. His analysis of British colonial policy is unequalled; with the instinct of genius, he fastens at once on the fatal weakness which has been the ruin of the British Empire.

(Continued on Page Four)

that we were all comrades that day, and all akin in some way to the patient dead over yonder on the steps of the Palais Bourbon, dragged from the warm Midi to make a Roman holiday. A nondescript crowd had been there since very early morning. Yet they seemed to be there not to gape as crowds do, but to worship. Old men held their grandchildren at arms length as they passed. Once a foreigner scurried by without pausing to do reverence. "Chapeau bas devant l'apotre," came in a hoarse roar from the crowd, and the hat came off in the twinkling of an eye. One may not mock a God; even the very latest one in Paris.

If the people had not made the day their own the whole thing would have been a sorry mockery. Governments are notoriously stupid, and even Socialist Governments are not exempt from the general rule. When you bury a man and when you make a God it's not the same thing surely. But this the rulers seemed to forget. There

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The Expression of Minority Opinion

"To publish in an article for the Literary Supplement of a college daily one's personal views on a college matter when they are in opposition to the majority of the students of the university is, to put it mildly, very bad taste."

THE above superb example of democratic thinking is a quotation from a letter criticising one of our contributors which appeared recently in the Correspondence column of the Daily, and is the sole part of the letter which merits serious consideration. For the rest, the writer has picked on a lightly ironic section of our contributor's article wherein a fantastic idea was carried joyfully to its destined absurdity, and has chosen to regard it as serious, with the result that he spends a vast amount of energy attacking invulnerable fantasies. There is nothing particularly remarkable in this, for we have never yet taken an idea, played with it, twisted it around, put on the motley and suggested grotesqueries, without some thick-skulled worshipper of cold fact mistaking jest for earnest, and taking offence. When, however, such a one goes further, and has the effrontery to wish to prohibit the expression of the views of a minority, it is high time that some notice was taken, that such a reactionary and fallacious proposition should be publicly spoken evil of.

When a majority refuses to allow a minority the right to freely express its opinions, democracy becomes the worst form of tyranny, and this is what it amounts to, when, in our boasted liberal student government, one who ventures to state an individual opinion which is not in accord with that of most of his fellow students is to be accused of, "to put it mildly, very bad taste."

We hold quite a contrary opinion in this matter of taste, and would wish to extend a very warm invitation to all upholders of unpopular causes, and those whose tenets are not the tenets of the majority, to seek a forum for their expression in these columns. If those who are then moved to horror by such perverted ideas will set down their own views and write a reasonable refutation of those with which they cannot agree, we will be glad to print them, and the cause of truth will be served much more nobly than by penning absurd letters trying to prove that minority views are out of place in the Literary Supplement.

Tess on the Screen

IT was with some misgivings that we went to see a screen version of a famous novel by Thomas Hardy that is being shown this week at a local motion picture theatre. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles", we said to ourselves, is too deep and bitter a tragedy to be shown in all its grandeur and pitiful beauty before babes and sucklings and innocent film fans; it deals too frankly, too uncomfortably sincerely with questions of life and death, of passion, innocence and guilt; and, worst of all, it ventures to accuse the justice of the gods: surely no censor will permit, nor any director wish to produce, such a strange enormity! Of course, we had no need to fear.

That such impiety should be allowed to corrupt the vast mob who will become acquainted with the story of Tess for the first time through the medium of the screen was unthinkable to the cracked moralists of Hollywood. As far as their modernized picture version goes, Tess's seduction consists solely in a kiss, surely a little enough excuse to stab a man to death. But it is in their ending that those responsible for the picture have shown most clearly what they are. "Since God's in his Heaven, and all's right with this best of all possible worlds," they said, "let us correct the faulty structure of [Thomas Hardy]." So they added the inevitable happy ending. The black flag which is run up on the prison tower at the close of the book to denote that "Justice" was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Aschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess is never raised in the screen version. For just in time to prevent it, a messenger comes galloping up with a pardon from the Home Secretary, and the Director has ended his sport with Hardy.

It is perhaps too much to expect that a novel "wherein the great campaign of the heroine begins after an event in her experience which has usually been treated as fatal to her part as protagonist" would be capable of a faithful translation to the screen. But if this is not possible, why do the thing at all? In the present picture, one of the most bitterly poignant tragedies written in the English language, "a story sent out in all sincerity to give artistic form to the true sequence of things," has been degraded and made worse than valueless. All the points which the author particularly wished to bring out have been slurred over, the very tragedy has been wiped out, and the film which does this still goes by the name of Hardy's great masterpiece. It is unfortunate that there is no law against such a debasing by the moving pictures of a literary work of art. It is too bad that the producers, directors, scenario writers and stars, who have violated Tess anew cannot be made the occasion for the raising of a black flag on the tower of some dark and dreary prison.

The New Spoon River

A Review

The New Spoon River, by Edgar Lee Masters; New York, Boni & Liveright; 368 pp, \$2.50

OCCASIONALLY, a new writer speaks out with an imperative and original accent, saying something new, the truth and manner of telling of which compels attention.

Such a new voice rang out in 1915 when Edgar Lee Masters published his "Spoon River Anthology." In this book he pictured a community of about a thousand souls in which all lived in a spiritual isolation as lonely and as absolute as a prisoner in his cell. In Mr. Masters' poetry the spirits of the dead spoke to us from their narrow graves on the hill, telling the tragedies of their unfruitful lives. Those were men and women born to shed a glory on the world, but an environment which had for generations cherished and cultivated an animosity towards all the non-utilitarian elements of the human heart which retard what is commonly called success proved too strong for them. Circumstance, fate, the way things happen, misunderstanding, intolerance — it was these things that thwarted and stunted those who might have been great of soul, whose lives might have flowered to beauty, but who came to be lying under the tangled grass — and glad to creep to rest there in most cases, too.

After seven years a sequel has appeared, and in "The New Spoon River" we have as unerring a diagnosis. The village Spoon River has now become a small city, a suburb of Chicago. Factories have been built, electric lights put in, motor cars and modern advertising have come. Wealth, as it is commonly reckoned, has increased, but Mr. Masters re-values the community in the light of humane standards in place of material standards. The tragedy of William Beggis is the tragedy of modern Americanism.

"Did I reach the pinnacle of success,
Friends of Spoon River?
Did thrift, industry, courage, honesty
Used for the increase of the canning works
Become other than thrift, industry,
courage, honesty
As applied to the canning works?
Are the mechanics of civilization,
Civilization itself?
Or are they tools with which factories may be built,
Or Parthenons?
I fashioned my own prison, friends
of Spoon River.
I put walls between myself and a
ful life,
Between myself and happiness,
Except the happiness of life.
And all the while I could look out
of a window
Upon an American perishing for
life,
Never to be attained
By thrift, industry and courage
Dedicated to the canning works!"

In "The New Spoon River," Mr. Masters, I believe, has produced a truer image of life than is to be found in the earlier work. The murderous, suicidal and incestuous tendencies which were certainly exaggerated in the original anthology, are still present here, but not to the same extent. In the new volume they conform to the degree which any reader of the newspapers can see exists in the average community. And here, too, justice is done to beauty and nobleness of heart and loftiness of soul. It is not only of

"The weak of will, the strong of arm,
the clown, the boozier, the
fighter,"

but of

"the pure of heart,
The givers of gladness,
The eyes that misted with pity,
The eyes that shone with truth,
The hands whose touch was life,
The lips that withheld not kisses,
And spoke no evil,
The lovers, the singers, the dream-
ers,"

that we read here, self-engraved on the tombstones of the new Spoon River.

There is still the same tragedy of souls beating ineffectual wings against the cage of life, the same bitterness of the realization of lost opportunities, of individuals seeking vainly for self expression, but there is a new beauty in Mr. Masters' poetry. In a dozen or so of these epitaphs he reaches a calm and exalted felicity that is classic both in spirit and execution. What can be more poignantly lovely than these heart-sorrowful lines on Bertrand Hume, who now dead, looks back at all the beauty and glory in life that he missed?

"To recall and revision blue skies;
To imagine the summer's clouds;
To remember mountains and wooded
slopes,
And the blue of October water;
To face the shark-gray spray of
the sea;
To listen in dreams to voices sing-
ing,
Voices departed, but never forgotten;
To feel the kisses of vanished lips,
And see the eyes of rapture,
And hear the whispers of sacred
midnights . . .
To live over the richness of life,
Never fully lived;
To see it all as from a window that
looks
Upon a garden of flowers and dis-
tant hills,
From which your broken body is
barred . . .
O life! O unutterable beauty,
To leave you, knowing that you
were never loved enough,
Wishing to live you all over
With all the soul's wise will!"

How they thirsted for life, these
poor people of Spoon River! and
how life cheated them! There was
Marjorie Hungerford, to take another
example, who wanted a tablet of
bronze put on the house in which
she had been happy for a time in
life—

"Say that I loved it, made it a place
of beauty;
Say that I dreamed here, often stood
at the window
In rapturous springs, hearing the
robin at dawn,
Say that my friends were feasted
here, and were happy.
Say that I waited here for the one
great friend.
Say that he came and knew my house
and loved it,
And kissed the door because my
hand had touched it,
And kissed the step because it had
known my feet.
Say that life at last to me was
Heaven,
But as the Fall draws Summer, and
the Summer Spring
Into the year that melts in the light
of Time,
Say he was drawn away, and I walked
the halls,
And stood by the window, naming the
(Continued on Page Four)

Epistola Obscuri Viri

on "The Company of Avalon"
by F. Bligh Bond, published Basil Blackwell.

A GREAT privilege has fallen to my lot—a trust it is—and as an enlightened and unprejudiced man I embrace it—yea, clasp it to my heart with all that is best within me! (No reference to my dinner.)

As all my readers know I have always been a vigorous defender of Faith and Authority as against that insignificant and rather mischievous corner of the human intellect—Reason. Have I not persistently inveighed against the heinous wickedness of refusing to believe a thing, just because it is incredible? At the risk of repeating myself, let me say again that I think it almost positively immoral. Nay more—the more incredible, the more virtuous the belief, for the godly humility which it betokens.

Thus, then, dear readers, I know you will support me, when I profess to see as the work of Heaven that which has brought Mr. Bligh Bond's new book under my review. Mr. Bond is an architect: he is in charge of the excavations till lately in progress at Glastonbury Abbey, Somerset, England. During the course of his excavations he has revived, via automatic writing by other persons, communications and directions, from erstwhile monks of Glastonbury, now beyond the veil, awaiting in Purgatory the Day of Glory and Judgment. He has already written several treatises making use of these revelations, the first and most famous being "The Gate of Remembrance." The present volume is concerned in particular with "Scripts" produced by a lady, who, strange to say, remained incognito, under the pseudonym of S. This really surprises me; if I were thus favoured of Heaven, I should most certainly be quite open about it.

The language of the Scripts varies somewhat. It is almost a little difficult to place it sometimes, but this of course should not shake the faith of the reader. In general it seems to recall the signs one sees hanging outside a Teashop or an English Public House—such legends as "Ye Olde Goldenne Lion" etc. But when we find the circumstances duly explained there is nothing further to worry the faithful. The reincarnation of a certain sub-prior Symon, resident in the Abbey in the reign of King Stephen. This of course is eminently possible and may be connected with the fact that the lady has sworn herself to celibacy and the service of the poor. That she admits to much interest in monks of the present day need furnish no stimulus for cynicism. At this point I should warn the faithful not to listen to the medical profession, who in their wilful wickedness have offered rude hints that, the celibate life being unnatural—some have even gone as far as to say disgusting—S may be supposed to be subject to illusions and forms of sexual psychosis. They, living at various periods and having spoken English of all those periods, attempt to make their words intelligible to sub-prior Symon speaking the tongue of the twelfth century. That the actual language is usually somewhat like what the English of about the 15th century might have been but as a matter of fact was not, will only form a challenge to faith, which the righteous will gladly accept.

Thus much for the language. Now as to a few points of history. In my series on Mediaeval and modern Universities I have spoken of the fondness in all Mediaeval Institutions for inventing illustrious origins, instancing the University of Oxford, which purported to have been founded in the reign of Alfred by one

Brute, a warrior escaped from the siege of Troy, with the aid of King Mempric, a companion of King David of Israel. In the same way the Abbey of Glastonbury traced its foundation to Joseph of Arimathea, who, it will be (I hope) remembered, figured at the crucifixion of Jesus. The communicating spirits seem to regard this as historical and so naturally does Mr. Bligh Bond, but again we must be warned against allowing this to influence our faith. Several other little episodes form an equally good spiritual exercise. Peter Damiani, Bishop of Ostia, in the time of Hildebrand, wrote a life of the Hermit Romuald, who was for long associated with Ambrose. Needless to say they were never in England. Both appear as important figures among the communicators and seem to have been monks of Glastonbury. As I say, the book is calculated to be a good test of faith.

I will pass over the element of Theosophy: There are few people who have not by now been converted to this metaphysic. I must however make mention of the interesting use

Dream Tapestries

A Review

Dream Tapestries, by Louise Morey Bowman, The MacMillan Co. of Canada.

A few short months ago a volume of verse called "Moonlight and Common Day," by Louise Morey Bowman, made its appearance. It was read, warmly received both in Canada and the United States, and poetry lovers waited for more of those fascinating lacework poems of Mrs. Bowman's. And while they waited, this Canadian poetess, now a resident of Montreal, devoted herself to the work which she so thoroughly enjoys, with the result that "Dream Tapestries," a second volume of verse has been presented to those who wish to read.

Although the latest volume has been off the presses but a short time, the critics already have paid it their respects and though some have greeted "Dream Tapestries" rather coldly, the reviewers generally have been very

People at an Operation

HER soul swings off to Lethe, lured afar
From the frail body by a rosy dream,
And all her nerveless flesh, a fallen star,
Now mute and graceless, that could move and gleam,
Singing the rhyme of youth without a mar,
Waits in blind hope for motion to redeem.
Her chaos in an happy avatar
When Beauty shall return from Lethe Stream.

She has no thought where her lost body stays,
She feels no weight or weakness; she is free
As golden clouds that glide along the West
Above the sound of cities and of sea;
Exultant pilgrim on the windy ways
Be swift, the hour is brief, as Heaven's guest!

II.
Jesus, that I have prayed to all the years,
Have pity now;
I cannot see my darling for the tears—
O Lord, Keep thou
A loving watch; be with us in this hour.

How dearer than myself she is to me
I cannot say,
Beyond all thought and inexpressibly
Dearer than day—
O God, protect my own, my tender flower!

III
The surgeon assumed an egregious smirk
And "she's skinny," he said as he flourished his dirk;
"She's flat as a shingle; I really opine
If I press on too hard I shall cut off her spine."

—W. H.

of early Christian and pre-Christian Astrology. A system which has regrettably receded somewhat into the background of thought. Everyone will I feel sure agree with me that threes and fours are highly significant numbers (I should say they bear no relation to the modern expressions "to be all at sixes and sevens.") It is plain that everything which is not arranged in threes certainly ought to be arranged in fours and vice versa or, versa vice, not to mince matters. Twelve of course is better still, and let me remind you that Gregory the Great thought fifty a highly expressive number, being the perfection of perfection. That is seven times seven—with the addition of an unit. In other words (quite other words, in fact) fifty is the complete cycle of an unit period of Christian life.

But there is no need for me to elaborate this. You will all have seen that "The Company of Avalon" is

cordial in their reception. The icicle-few, we must admit, have dealt in a good percentage of bunkum for they have charged Mrs. Bowman with being an Imaginist, a modernist, a mere unit in a school of poetry. And not liking the so-called school they condemn Mrs. Bowman and her book, along with dozens of other writers, who must be taken seriously and thoughtfully. All of which, of course, is utter rot, for coming down to realities there is no such thing as a school of poetry and Mrs. Bowman, like all true artists, possesses first and foremost a personality of her own and likewise a creative touch of her own.

These facts are clearly indicated in her work, which varies from the much discussed free verse—something bordering on poetical prose—to truly

well worth reading. It is most intriguing: Bligh Bond is a wonder. (I trust I shall not be misunderstood.)

—Vespasiano

Romance in the Dictionary

I confess to my shame that I used to laugh at philology. If ever there was a dry subject, I thought in my ignorance, philology was it. This note is in the way of a public apology.

There is a romance about the words we use that too often escapes us. Most of us have probably used the word "tantalize" over and over again without thinking of its interesting origin. I know that not so long ago it suddenly dawned upon me that it must be connected with Tantalus, of mythological fame. Tantalus, you will remember, was the poor fellow who was punished for a crime against the gods by being immersed in water up to his neck, with a terrible thirst that he could not quench, and an equally terrible hunger that he could never satisfy. There was plenty of food and drink near him, but whenever he moved towards it, it always moved just out of his reach. Hence we are "tantalized" whenever we are teased by something which is almost, but not quite, within our grasp.

There is a bone in the heel which medical students know by the name of "talus." What they probably do not know is that Talus was also a mythological figure, a giant in whose vessels fire ran instead of blood. No ordinary weapons could prevail against him, but there was a little nail in his heel, which closed up the opening through which the fire had entered. When this nail was removed, the fire escaped, and Talus was overcome. To-day we use his name for the bone in which the nail was hidden.

The dictionary is a veritable storehouse of romance. He who runs may read.

—O. K.

charming and winsome verses in possession of metre and rhythm and rhyme. Personally I like her best in the more accepted and more orthodox forms, but I admire, in the other that clever and artistic handling of words which call up a vision from the vast deep, which create quick and glorious visions in the mind.

"The garden lies spattered with wet green moonlight—

Spilled from the night's dark goblet." That is one of them, and there are many more.

Of the longer poems in the book, "Oranges" which received honorable mention in the Blindman competition in 1922, is probably the best, while "The Mountain That Watched" strikes a home note in that it describes our own Mount Royal.

If there is one criticism of an unfavorable nature that may be levelled at the book, it is that at times the poems are more devoted to beauty than to substance and consequently are in danger of a shorter life than they would otherwise experience. But we find a telling dramatic element in "Songs of Women," a cycle of poems cleverly executed and arranged, and in "Twins" and "Bob Cooning," two of the longer works.

A hokku is a Japanese poem of seventeen syllables, the purpose of which is to convey great pictures by quick and light sweeps of the pen. Mrs. Bowman experiments in this form and once I grasped the idea, I derived great enjoyment from the twelve hokku which are included. Take one of them, for instance,

"The loon's weird laughter

Holds Indian devilry,
Long, long forgotten."

and in those few words a multitude of impressions are held—that is if you know the night call of a loon.

I certainly would advise those who are interested in poetry to read "Dream Tapestries" and personally I am looking forward with interest to Mrs. Bowman's next production.

—S. E. READ

History in the Making

A. G. Langley

ANY fail to realise the immense value of history. Not the history that is usually doled out to us at school; a wearisome list of dates and facts, full of uninteresting pictures of impossible looking people; but rather the history that gives us the reasons why, the causes; that can supply our imagination with sufficient data to enable us to place ourselves in the shoes of the principal actors who performed in the greatest of world dramas. It is necessary to feel, as they felt, to know just what they knew and to be able to allow for the same influences that swayed them when they made the decisions that history records for us.

Such history is of a very real value. It indicates results which the most far-seeing of men were unable to anticipate. It is one of the best signposts that we have which show us the shortest way to that much desired attribute—experience, and further, more history of this nature is now being written.

In London, England, the history of the Great War is being compiled. In the War Office, the Admiralty and the Air Ministry groups of historians, who have access to every existing document upon the subject, are working steadily and producing some remarkable results.

Although the expense of these Historical Departments, as they are called, has several times been questioned, the economy enthusiasts have not yet been able to have them abolished. It is true that the benefits accruing from them do not appear immediately; that they cannot be placed at so many dollars on the credit side of the National balance sheet, but nevertheless the influence of the lessons of war upon the varied activities of the Nation is a factor by no means negligible.

As has been so succinctly remarked: "What is the use of having a War if its history is never written?"

Deep down in the vaults of the great Government Offices are piled the records of War. Dimly lit passages lead from heap to heap of the dusty documents where some of the most poignant witnesses of the late conflict lie buried.

Here is the very map used during some now forgotten struggle. It is stained with blood, the margin is filled with notes hastily taken on the eve of the attack: smeared with Flanders mud or warped from North Sea spray, a great red line zig-zags across it showing the last known enemy positions.

Over there we see a laconic message scrawled on a sheet of foreign note paper. It is the report of an escaped prisoner of war stating that he has arrived in England. It contains some interesting information about the internal condition of Germany at that time, but one is left to guess at the hardships and thrilling moments of the escape itself.

To return to the history, let us suppose that an account of some small isolated action has to be written. Only after long and patient labours can all the records required be found and weeded out. All books already published in which that particular incident might be referred to are consulted, and that is not such a simple matter as it may at first appear. It means reading French, Italian and German books as well as English, for our late Allies and enemies have both been busy writing history since the signing of the Armistice. When these accounts have been read, all operation orders, ordinary orders, reports,

The New Spoon River

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stars.

Then say that I closed the house, and made it a Temple.
To Memory, a tomb of departed Beauty . . .
O world! O time!
I have done my part by the beauty I loved and lost."

But it is not this lyric intensity charged with a pity for the transience of all lovely things that informs the greater part of the book. The dominant note is an acid revolt against the narrowness and soul killing material utilitarianism of modern civilization. Mr. Masters jibes at "This world which stops prize fights And howls for war; And calls pacifists fools, Urging force as the great nobility. Then crucifies workmen who use force, And says that nothing is gained by force; And lauds law, and tramples laws; And preaches love, and robs the weak."

The barbs of his satire strike deep. Here is a voice from the grave of "Unknown Soldiers":

"Stranger! Tell the people of Spoon River two things:
First, that we lie here, obeying their words;
And next that had we known what was back of their words, We should not be lying here!"

And what a bitter denunciation is conveyed in the burning words of a prostitute to the so-called respectably married women of Spoon River!

In a few cases the bitterness becomes mere cleverness, but most of ten each one of these epitaphs is a deep and significant summing up of the life of an individual, a novel in a nutshell, and at times a rare and beautiful poem.

Mr. Masters has added to his already high reputation by this sequel to the Spoon River Anthology, which, I believe, marks a poetic if not an intellectual advance upon its predecessor. It is a book that will live.
—A. J. M. S.

despatches, telegrams and the war diaries are examined. From the minutes of Cabinet Meetings to the badly written and mis-spelt report of No. X2143, nothing is missed. In some cases when actions did not progress as they should have done courts martial were held afterwards to enquire into the matter. All the evidence given has to be sifted out, the finding of the court has to be checked—for their decisions as seen in the light of later events were not always just—and in this way a most imposing pile of documents is soon collected for even the most insignificant detail of the war.

Unfortunately with all this care certain facts must escape the historian's net and even though he deduce them by a searching analysis of existing data he can never be certain about them. human nature seems to delight in contradictory and illogical actions. The Telephone is in great part responsible for a large loss of information and it is to be everlastingly regretted that no satisfactory instrument has yet been invented which would record all that passes by that channel. Many valuable conversations are thus lost to the world. they are "sunk without leaving a trace;" yet it frequently happened that a last minute talk over the 'phone between men in high places altered the whole aspect of some important campaign.

*These are hardly the places to look for accurate and impartial history.—Ed.

My Discovery of Montreal

(Continued from page one)

But Montreal is always "Canada First." As such it cannot leave unsolved the great Canadian problem of immigration. Nothing could be simpler. A glance at American history shows that the United States owes its position to the Open Door. There lies the road to greatness. Canada must tread it with all speed. Let us have Tom, Dick, Jack, and Harry, from the four corners of the earth, provided only they are healthy and un-Bolshevik. What we need is population: "Population" (says the Montreal "Standard" of November 1st, 1924) "to make our railways pay, Population to wipe out the National Debt, Population to pay taxes cheerfully." Population, in fact, even a population of paupers, is the great political cure-all, the one thing needful. That the newcomers may find no means of livelihood; that they may so undermine our standard of living as to drive native Canadians over the Border—this is nothing. Suppose they can't make farming pay in the West; it's largely their own fault. Teach them how to farm; and get rid of superfluous middlemen. That's cheap, quick, and easy. The standard of living? Bah! these Labour theorists! "Wages must be fixed by supply and demand," and the Canadian workman must take his chance. Capital will follow immigrants—not because an immigration flood lowers wages; and we shall all be better off in the long run, employers first as is only right.

Still, even Population will not bring the millennium without a good stiff tariff. Protection is an article of religion to the Montrealer. He seldom speaks of it except at election time; but it lies at the core of his convictions and is the basic fact of his existence. Free Traders, "Bolsheviks," Prohibitionists, and criminal lunatics are much the same class of person.

So much for temporal concerns. But Philosophical Industrialism does not neglect the spirit. It has discovered the cause of religious decay. Christianity has lost its hold on account of ecclesiastical weakness and stupidity. Priests and ministers have become entangled in theories and isms, forgetting that the Church exists for the business man. He remains firm; it is the Church which has drifted away. But by purging itself of the taint of Trade Union sympathies; by humble submission to business control and a whole-hearted devotion to business interests, it may yet transform itself into a spiritual department store able to regain the confidence of the market.

Whither does all this tend? It is the old, old cry of suffering and bewildered humanity, the cry of Carlyle and Tennyson: "Oh! for a man" Only Philosophical Industrialism can supply that need. It offers not vain words, not unsubstantial formulae, but the tangible, rugged figure of the business man—prophet, priest, and king of the new dispensation. Government, like religion, is only a huge business, and whatever its technical details they can easily be mastered. The business man can do no wrong. In his guidance lies national salvation. And in his character are our safeguards. "Montreal" in the words of an august member of the new dynasty "is very broad and very sane." With such leaders, if she will but accept them, "the twentieth century belongs to Canada."

MERRY LOVE

I have a merry love
Who knows how to laugh.
Most girls in love are
Too solemn by half.

She adores witty things,
Thoughts a trifle odd,
And quaint little blasphemies
To giggle to her God.

I think she wonders
It doesn't make Him tired
To hear His own daughter
By a sinner so admired.

But, oh, when she holds her
Foolish loving boy
Close to her loving breasts,
Ah, what joy!

R. B. Dawson

The Backward Art

(Continued from page one)

Death, Fellowship, Love, Vice, Strength, Wealth, Beauty, and Knowledge. Similarly, the characters in a French moralite would be Bien Aise, Raison, Foi, Contrition, Desesperance, Pauvrete, Gourmandise, and Sobriete. The geographical units would be similarly pigeon-holed. The situations would be limited in quantity to one, or perhaps two. Now today the morality play goes under two names: the circulating-library novel and the motion picture. The latter is more popular than the former, because in reading there is a certain unpleasant effort in forcing the words of thought to become images of mental perception. The characters of the screen are, then, Beautiful Heroine, Red-blooded He-mannish Lover, Unprincipled Interloper, Butler, Male Confidant, Female Confidant,irate but Generous Father, Boot-legger. The geographical units are Boundless Prairie, Saloon, Salon, Den of Vice, and Storm-beaten Cliff. In the case of the cinema, the situations are hardly ever more than one.

Any departure from the moral system which held undisputed sway two generations ago is still anathema in the cinematographic art. If it were not for boards of censors, there would not even be adumbrations at violations of the moral code, for such as there are are only a sort of game between the producers and the public over and about the censoring bodies.

Deviations from the ethical and religious systems now in vogue would be unthinkable. I remember only one exception to this; I recently saw a photoplay, intended for a Christian clientele, in which the hero turns Mohammedan, and, as far as we are shown, never goes back to his Anglican fold.

So it is that moving pictures are a constant reminder to those who, having imbibed the wine of knowledge, have acquired what they term an advanced taste in art and a contempt for what they term mediaeval and Victorian artistic taste, that a vast chasm separates them from their human environment, and that they must expect that anything intended for amusement for the crowd emanating from them must be adjusted to the cultural code of the latter. Anything which is not so adjusted they must expect to see rejected as a dangerous mutation.